

Green and Gold Letterman

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Green and Gold Letterman

by [hydralilies](#)

Summary

Dream let loose an exaggerated, annoyed groan. “You’re so - so vulgar, George.”

And yet, he liked it. Liked the way George was so blunt and forward with his words, firm and straight to the point, preferring to skip the filler and instead focus on the quickest route to achieve what he wanted. It was admirable, in certain situations, but for the moment, Dream wanted to be romantic, if just for a little while.

A sharp tug to his belt loops pulled him back into reality, more importantly, back to the man looking so prettily up at him from his knees.

“You like it.” He did. “Come on, pretty boy. Lay down for me.” George all but cooed, a filthy smirk coating his lips. Dream wanted to taste it.

Notes

George basically misses Dream and wears his letterman jacket.

Plot and porn ensues :P

They love each other! A lot!

Had a ton of fun writing their dynamic and interactions and I am quite the sucker for blushy Dream.

Also big thanks to my friends for beta reading!

My [Twitter](#) :)

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There was something about waking up here. Swaddled in an unfamiliar, yet comforting warmth, the smell of sandalwood so thick in his nose he could taste it on his tongue. It was something he'd never tire of.

A slight breeze filtered through the cracked-open window from across the bed, soft morning sun bathing the room in pale yellow and sheer curtains billowing with the wind.

Aside from the occasional chirping of birds, the room was uncharacteristically silent; walls accustomed to the rambunctious loudness of partygoers and friends that usually came with the typical college experience.

Slowly, George allowed his eyes to crack open, wincing at the light that suddenly flooded his vision. A groan bubbled from between his lips.

He bundled further into the comforter, curling lanky legs up into himself and squeezing his eyelids shut once more. Turning his neck, he dug his nose deep into the pillow beneath his head. A hum escaped his mouth, content in surrounding himself with the lingering scent of his lover.

Dream's bed, while secondhand and fairly old with its creaky frame and lumpy mattress, would forever be his happy place. It mimicked the blond's own pleasant embrace - surprisingly comfortable, overwhelmingly warm, and - yes - perfectly imperfect.

A rip in the sheets just below his toes was the scar on the bridge of Dream's nose. A mysterious stain on the upper left corner was the birthmark on Dream's hip. The uneven surface of the mattress was the lopsided lilt of Dream's mouth when he grins - it was *all* him.

After a solid twenty minutes of drowsily lazing in the lingering presence of his boyfriend, George finally allowed his body to sit upright, shoulder blades clicking in place as he pulled his arms over his head. Languidly, he slung his bare legs over the side of the mattress, stretching his toes and stifling a yawn.

Dream had warned him that he'd be out this morning - something about studying with Sapnap and getting breakfast, although George hadn't been able to catch the rest of it before drifting off to sleep. He bit his lip and wondered how long he'd be, already feeling the telltale ache in his heart without Dream's hearty laughter and bright aura.

George's mouth felt gummy as he wet his lips, sleep gradually draining out of his face. He ran a hand through his mussed-up hair, cringing at the feeling of built-up grease clinging to his scalp.

Admittedly, it'd been a rough week of endless studying and running around campus, attempting to maintain his grades while also juggling a full-time athlete boyfriend - assisting with *his* homework in the little spare time he found. Dream was a stellar football player, no doubt. And although George desperately wanted to support him in his endeavors, he found it extremely difficult to keep up with both their busy schedules. This resulted in many nights where both men were too drained to do much more than sleep in the same bed together, the rare occasion arising where they'd hang out over weekends.

The soles of George's feet still ached from last night, where he'd stood under the blinding lights of the university's football stadium, watching in awe as his boyfriend lit the crowd ablaze in thunderous applause. He was the starter quarterback - shining golden boy of the team, both figuratively *and* literally, with his blonde hair reflecting yellow beneath his helmet from the

intensity of the stadium lights.

George, unfortunately, had never fully learned how the game was played, despite his boyfriend's attempts at tutoring. This arose both because 1) he couldn't muster up proper interest and 2) he was a transfer student- American football just seemed *so* incredibly foreign. And, frankly, George just didn't give much of a shit. He was like this about a lot of things. No matter how much he loved his boyfriend, the concept of learning something relatively unimportant to his career seemed unnecessary and time-wasting.

It wasn't like Dream *hadn't* tried to teach him the game dozens of times, rambling about different techniques, plays, and past stars (with pictures to assist) for hours on end. And George had listened, sure, but only because it was *him*. With his animated hand movements and excited tone, eyes glimmering with enthusiasm and passion. It was what he admired about him. And, admittedly, in the end, he had shut the blond up by kissing him senseless while he was still in the middle of his spiel. Not his proudest moment, now that he thought of it. But it was impossible *not* to, when he spoke like that - words singed with utter infatuation and fiery ardor. George wanted to taste those words on his lips and swallow them whole, so he did.

Shaking the tiredness from his limbs and the cloudiness from his brain, George rose to his feet, wincing at the pinpricks of pain in his feet from the lingering soreness of last night. He sighed before convincing himself to shower, feeling grit on his skin as he dragged his tired body towards the bathroom.

It's not like Dream's football games weren't fun despite his lack of understanding; in all honesty they were quite the opposite. George felt a surge of pride in his partner anytime the crowd roared his name, and there was no doubt of goosebumps racing up his arms at the mere *sight* of the stadium, the atmosphere, the *excitement*.

As he pulled off the wrinkled, oversized shirt he'd slept in (undoubtedly Dream's), George fetched a spare towel from the closet and started the shower up, shuffling his feet absentmindedly on the mat next to the sink. Waiting for the water to heat up, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, and *god*, did he look *rough*.

His doe eyes were slightly glazed over from the remaining threads of sleep, dark bags framing his lower lids. His normally flat, styled hair had been mussed from tossing and turning in his sleep, strands greasy and sticking up haphazardly. Just before he was about to turn to the shower, his eyes

caught on something dark just above the jut of his collarbone.

Leaning in closer to the mirror, he examined the spot, brushing his fingertips lightly over the patch of skin.

Oh.

He flushed, recognizing the mark as a bruise - more specifically - a hickey.

It was difficult to pick up the pieces of his memory from the previous night, given his exhaustion, but his mind supplied the bleary memory of Dream pressing him against the sheets of his bed, slotting their mouths together and trailing lips down his neck. They had met up after the game concluded, both tired from the long week and desperate to spend time together. Dream took a quick shower, he recalled, before they both fell into each other's embrace on the bed. It was short lived, though - George must've fallen asleep at some point under the blond's gentle kisses, as the night cut off from there in his memory.

A shiver crawled up his spine when he pressed the pad of his finger into the purple mark, a slight twinge of pain accompanying it.

Tearing his gaze away from the bruise, he pulled off his boxers and *finally* stepped in the shower, letting the hot water run down his chest. He let out a sigh before languidly shampooing his hair, going through the normal motions of his routine.

It was a Saturday morning - he didn't have to worry about his professors breathing down his neck or the unrelenting burden of assignments for the day. It was reassuring, and George couldn't help but let out a pleased hum at the thought.

After washing the grit off his body, his fingers once more drifted over the marks Dream had left the night prior, his heart thrumming against his chest at the thought of his lover. Indulgently, he let the hot water pour over his body for a few more minutes, savoring the warmth, before ultimately

turning the shower off. He toweled himself dry, stepping out of the tub and onto the mat, loosely styling his hair with his hands.

Wrapping the towel around his waist, he left the steaminess of the bathroom and emerged back into Dream's bedroom, eyes catching on the half-opened dresser across from the bed. He figured he'd borrow some of Dream's clothes - as he *always* does when he stays the night - so he padded over, opening up several drawers in search of a lazy outfit.

Technically, *any* of Dream's clothes could be considered a 'lazy outfit' on George, as the man was a solid two sizes larger than him - shirts draping off his shoulders to bunch at his thighs and pants baggy on his narrow hips.

And he *loved* it. *Loved* drowning in his boyfriend's clothes - letting his scent swallow him whole, making him feel small and comforted.

Normally, he'd just grab one of Dream's old tees and briefs to lounge in for the day, but - strangely - he found his eyes drifting away from the drawer and towards the floor, where some of their more restrictive clothes from last night had ended up. Amongst the jeans and socks, there was a particular clothing item that his gaze fell upon. He picked it up, wringing it out a few times before chewing on his lower lip.

It was a letterman jacket. More specifically, *Dream's* letterman jacket.

The material was thick and heavy, weighing down his arms as he held it up to examine. It was a dark green - the same color the university sported in their logo - while the sleeves were made of white leather, bunching up at the wrists. There was a large patch just about where the left pec would be: it was a large 'D' - an abbreviation for Dream's name. On the left shoulder was another sewn-on label that read '13' - Dream's player number.

He recalled Dream's reasoning behind the number choice, voice echoing in his head, “ *Thirteen's the universe's unlucky number, right? Well, it'll be my lucky number, then.* ”

George let out a scoff as he remembered Dream's exact words. He was *such* an idiot. A lovable one, but an idiot nonetheless.

Overall, the jacket was well-loved, leather worn and slightly scuffed, while the edges of each patch had started to curl upwards, most likely from getting snagged on various objects. Dream wore the letterman like a second skin, to the point where it almost seemed molded to fit his body perfectly.

George didn't think twice before pulling it over his bare shoulders, sliding his thin arms through the sleeves and adjusting the collar around his neck. As he situated the jacket into place, it felt almost like a second presence, weighing against him and draping around his body - warm and clearly oversized.

A giddiness built up in his chest as he examined himself in the mirror on the wall, *adoring* the way his boyfriend's jacket hung off his torso and bunched at mid-thigh. The cuffs fell just past his fingertips, engulfing his pale hands completely, while the buttons were unclasped, leaving the front open to expose his bare chest and abdomen. He felt like he *belonged* in it. Belonged to *Dream*.

He bit his lip in brief thought before kicking off the towel that was still tied around his waist, dropping it to the floor in favor of buttoning the lower half of the jacket up to hide himself. When he finished, he glanced at his reflection in the mirror once more, flushing at the tips of his ears as he situated the jacket to settle just below his hips - milky, bare thighs contrasting against the forest green of the hem. It made him feel exposed, but in a good way - a way that made him feel purely and utterly *Dream's*.

Still, he felt like he could do *better*.

He swiveled away from the mirror in favor of digging through his boyfriend's top drawer, finally locating a pair of long, white football socks that Dream would use during practices. They were clearly meant to only go up just below the knee, but on *George*, they would work as something else - something *longer*.

Perched on the edge of the bed, the brunet rolled the socks up in his hands before pulling them onto his legs, smirking in success as the hem settled just above his knee. Lightly, he stood up and padded in front of the mirror once more, eyes glittering and a grin spreading ear to ear in the

reflection.

Everything just felt *right*, and his heart beat faster at the thought of Dream coming home to see him in *his* letterman, in *his* socks, belonging to *him*.

A whine began to crawl up his throat at the thought of his boyfriend drifting his large hands along his sides and up his front, popping each button open until he would realize he was bare underneath. George curled his fingers along the worn edge of the letterman's sleeve, digging his short fingernails into the fabric. He brought those same hands up to the collar, lifting it until he could dig his nose into the soft interior.

Immediately, the overwhelming smell of crackling firewood, ocean breeze, and *Dream* clogged his senses - stifling a groan as he felt his dick twitch against the material of the jacket. He stood there for a moment, blush creeping up the back of his neck.

There was a brief wave of shame that washed over his mind, pulling him out of his drunken stupor as he removed his nose from the folds of fabric.

God, he wished Dream were here. Wished he could sling his arms around the blond's broad shoulders and pull him into a kiss - slot their bodies together and bury his head into the corner of his tanned neck. Frowning at himself, he fiddled with the edge of the jacket where it ended mid-thigh, worrying the material between his forefingers.

He chewed on the inside of his cheek, glancing at the time on the wall.

11:36 a.m.

He felt restless and antsy waiting for his boyfriend to come back, eager to show off his outfit and sink into his embrace. Impatience getting the best of him, George snatched his phone from where it sat on the bedside table, unplugging it from the power cord before finding Dream's contact. He didn't even think twice before hitting the 'call' button.

It rang once, twice, *three* times.

Finally, there was a ‘*click*’ of the call being received. George let out an exhale he didn’t know he’d been holding.

Rustling sounded from the other end before Dream spoke. “*Hello?*”

George’s breath caught in his throat when he heard his boyfriend, mind easing at the sound of his comforting voice.

“Hey.” George breathed back, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“*Hey,*” Dream parroted. There was a brief pause. “*Everything okay?*”

The brunet let his unoccupied hand flit around the buttons of the letterman, fiddling with loose threads. “Yeah,” he started, wetting his lips before continuing, “just uh, wondering when you’d be back?”

His words sounded slightly unsure, the end of his phrase lilting upwards in tone. Dream let out a low laugh.

“*Kinda sounds like you miss me,*” he said, grin evident in his words.

The brit rolled his eyes at the cocky tone. “You’re such an idiot,” he murmured, situating himself against the pillows on the bed. It was easy like this - to banter back and forth with him, to feel at complete ease. It was like coming home.

"You didn't deny it though," the blond remarked, clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

George couldn't help the smile that snuck its way onto his face. Of *course* he wouldn't deny it. In all fairness, he missed Dream every second they weren't together, and although he tended to refrain from outwardly expressing it, there was no way Dream couldn't see through his barriers. It was a common occurrence in their relationship; the blond oftentimes putting George's thoughts into words better than he could himself, prying open the closed book that was so characteristically *him*.

This was another thing George appreciated about Dream. His ability to peer through his blunt exterior so incredibly *easy*. It created a new level of understanding between the both of them, which George found himself cherishing more each passing day.

"Well," the brunet began, warmth settling in his chest, "what if I told you... *I did - maybe - miss you, just a little bit?*"

A full-on wheeze erupted from the other end of the call, Dream's signature laughter echoing in his ears.

"Okay, whatever you say, George." Affection seeped from each word, laced with sugar and honey. *"I just finished breakfast with Sapnap not too long ago, actually, so I should be back in about fifteen. Did you - uh - have anything else to say to me, or did you just call to tell me you 'only miss me a little bit'?"*

George paused at that. Realistically, what else could he say?

His thoughts turned over and over in his head a few times, wheels churning as he plotted out his next moves, ever-so-carefully. "Actually, yeah," he stated quietly, leaning even further back into the pillows against the headboard. Slowly, he let his free hand ghost over the exposed skin of his thigh, sliding up to hike the edge of the letterman just below the crease of his thighs. Fingertips danced along the seam of the socks, just below where they bit into his milky skin. "I - uh - kinda have a surprise for you... when you get back."

George waited with bated breath, listening intently as more rustling sounded from Dream's end.

"What does that even mean , " Dream exclaimed, the edge of his words tapering off into another laugh. Before George could properly answer, the blond continued, words flying out of his mouth, "I hope it means you did my stats homework, because, let me tell you, I had no clue what was going on in lecture the other day. Mr. Wilson is the dumbest fucker I've ever met, George. Like, did I tell you what happened yesterday during his presentation -"

The brunet bit back a snicker as Dream went on a tangent, words slightly heated as he rambled about his stats professor. George had learned that this was part of the package deal that was his boyfriend, and it's not like he particularly minded. In fact, he quite enjoyed it when Dream went on his rants, relishing the sound of his voice, no matter the subject.

A bit absently, George listened to his boyfriend's spiel, before pulling his phone away from his ear. His finger swiped across his screen until he found what he was looking for - the camera.

A bit shakily, and with Dream continuing to talk his ear off in the process, George aimed the lens at his lap, being sure to include his thighs and the knee-high socks, as well as a meager *sliver* of the letterman jacket. Deeming the photo okay, George found his texts with Dream and, without thinking too hard about it, pressed 'send'.

All of a sudden, Dream cut himself off, snorting as a 'ping' interrupted his words. *"Was- was that you, George?"* There was another bout of rustling as Dream pulled his phone away from his ear. *"The hell did you send me? I swear to god if it's that dumb picture of me in a..."*

Gradually, the words faded from the blond's mouth, the alert on his phone informing him that Dream had opened the picture. George swallowed down the saliva in his mouth, air feeling thick as he waited for his boyfriend's response.

"Not - uh - exactly stats homework, but..." George trailed off, rubbing the pads of his fingers along the seamed hem of Dream's letterman to calm himself down.

There was a deep exhale from the other end.

“*George...*” his voice sounded strained, “*is - uh - fuck - is that my -*”

Dream spluttered through the phone speakers, clearly flushed and a bit bewildered by the picture he’d received (not that he was currently zooming in on it and saving it for his photo roll, of course not).

George just simply hummed in response, heart beating faster against his ribcage. “Why don’t you come find out, hm? I *really* miss you...”

The brunet had to stifle a laugh as the distinct clash of keys on pavement echoed through the mic, Dream muttering curses under his breath. “*Yeah, I’m - uh - on my way now. Just got in the car. I’ll see you in a few.*” There was a bit more fumbling, another small curse, and the line went abruptly dead.

George pulled the phone away from his ear, letting a few giggles fly out of his mouth. It was no secret that Dream was deeply infatuated with him, and it’s not like the two had gotten a lot of spare time in the week to dwell in each other’s presence. It made sense why the younger man was so eager to return home, although George found himself at a loss of how to preoccupy himself while he waited.

Absentmindedly, he let himself scroll through twitter, instagram, and other various social medias - slowly sinking deeper into the comfort of the letterman jacket. Eventually, the collar brushed against the lower half of his face, the smell of his boyfriend washing over his senses like the tide of the sea.

Bored of his phone, George dropped the device in favor of hiking the collar further upwards - digging his nose into Dream’s letterman and sighing as solace gripped him from the inside out. He curled his toes in his socks at the thought of Dream finding him like *this*, with his face buried deep in the blond’s clothes, legs bent at the knees as he drew himself closer to the source of comfort.

George whimpered in the back of his throat, body warming at the telltale signs of blood rushing southwards. He could feel arousal swirling in the pit of his stomach, fanning outwards as he imagined Dream walking in on him. A flush pooled high on his cheekbones as he squeezed his thighs together to relieve some pressure, squirming on the sheets of the bed and letting out strained exhales.

Slowly, George allowed his thin fingers to drop back down to his legs, running his palms over where the material of Dream's socks melted into plush skin. Biting his lip, his fingers deftly unbuttoned the bottom of the letterman, just enough to expose his hips to the warm air of the bedroom.

He took a shallow breath before bringing a hand up to the collar to keep it perched above the bridge of his nose, while the other trailed between his legs. His eyes fluttered shut, a groan working its way out of his throat as his hand *finally* cupped his half-hard length, palm grinding against himself.

Leisurely, George worked himself up, stroking his cock in tandem with his choked breaths, eyebrows drawing together in concentration. He let his legs fall open on the sheets, twisting his wrist on each upstroke.

"*Shit* - " The brunet let out a curse as he thumbed just under the head, a drop of precum pooling at the tip. Behind closed eyes, he imagined it was *Dream's* hand - large, calloused palm engulfing his erection instead of his own, thin pale one. He envisioned the way Dream would whisper praises in his ear, mouth trailing kisses up his neck to meet his own, lips slotting together perfectly like they were molded for each other.

George outright *moaned*, legs falling even further apart, feeling exposed in just the letterman and socks. It felt *good* like this - in *Dream's* bed, wearing *Dream's* clothes; spread out on the comforter as he waited for the blond to get home.

The dry friction of his hand didn't feel nearly enough, so he leaned over the side of the bed to open the side table, brushing aside old magazines and sports books. Finding a small bottle of lube shoved in the back, George quickly unbuttoned the remaining clasps on the front of the letterman,

letting the sides fall open to uncover his abdomen and chest.

Admittedly, it had been a while since they'd *done things* together - both of their schedules oftentimes clashing and leaving little time to do much more than sleep in the same bed. So, George felt a spark of impatience as he uncapped the bottle and poured a generous amount on his palm, warming it up before throwing the half-empty container haphazardly onto the bed beside him.

Gingerly, the brunet took his pulsing erection back into his fist, groaning at the slick glide of the liquid against his shaft. His mouth dropped open as he picked up the pace, throwing his head back into the pillow under his head.

"*Hah* - Dream... please - " he panted, pupils blown wide as his hips stuttered off the bed to instinctually thrust into the coolness of his palm. He let his other hand drift down to gather some excess lube, before brushing past his erection to ghost over his entrance - a gasp flying out of his mouth as his lower half twitched in response to the stimulation.

Just as his index finger began to press into his himself, George faintly heard the sound of the apartment door opening and closing through the fog in his mind, and he wouldn't deny the shudder that raced up his spine because of it. He could feel his heart beat faster in his chest as the sound of shoes hitting hardwood floor echoed down the hall, his hand tugging harder at his dick and finger thrusting in and out at a brutal pace.

George turned his head to the side so he could once again sink his face into the scent of Dream's letterman, biting his lip to prevent noise from spilling out of his mouth. His tongue felt dry as footsteps made their way towards the bedroom. Almost indulgently, and curious what his boyfriend would do, George let his teeth release his lower lip, moaning loudly as his finger brushed his prostate.

"*Ah - Dream...*" the brunet drawled, squeezing the base of his cock as the footsteps abruptly halted just outside the door. The feeling of fabric and leather shifting over his flushed skin brought another wave of arousal, settling low in his abdomen.

Not once did he let up, even as the door began to creak open, old hinges protesting vehemently. The flush on his face deepened as chocolate brown met viridian green, Dream's head poking

through the gap in the door. A hot wash of embarrassment coursed through his body, but he shoved it down in favor of letting another gasp escape his mouth, peering up at his boyfriend's face from across the room.

Dream's eyes widened marginally, gaze sweeping over the brunet's spread-out body and catching on where his hands had shoved themselves between his thighs.

The blond's freckled face went absolutely *scarlet*, jaw dropping open as George continued to pleasure himself unabashedly, face scrunched up and eyes clouded over with lust.

"*George* -" Dream choked, spluttering over his words as he fully stepped into the room, hands twitching at his sides.

The brit slowed the pace of his hands down just enough to where he could speak properly. "*Hah* - Dream, where - *mh* - were you? M-missed you..."

The younger man felt speechless as he stared at his boyfriend, tongue darting out to pass over his lips. His dark brown hair was still slightly damp from his shower, mussed up and spread over the pillow behind his head, while his torso was engulfed in the baggy material of *his* letterman jacket.

Both legs were laden in Dream's oversized white football socks, pinching at his thighs where the seam dug into skin. Between the opening of the jacket, George's bare chest heaved as he panted. His cock drooled precum onto his toned abdomen, spot increasing in size with each pass of his fist.

And the blond's mouth *watered* at the sight. It had been so long since they'd been able to catch a break with their busy weeks, and every cell in his body *sang* at the promise of *finally* being reunited with his boyfriend. He took a few cautious steps towards the bed, stopping to tentatively reach his arm out towards the other male and brush out-of-place strands of hair from his forehead.

"*George* , you... *fuck* - is - um - is that my..." the movement of his hand faltered as he glanced down at the jacket draped around the smaller male's figure.

In response, George affirmatively hummed, skin tingling where Dream's fingertips had grazed against his flushed skin. "Mm, yeah, couldn't help myself when you weren't here... felt right..."

His mind felt soothed by his boyfriend's presence, whining low in his throat as he removed his hands from between his legs. Hastily, he wiped both hands on the sheets before sitting upright, folding his limbs underneath himself.

George shuffled to where Dream stood by the side of the bed, his face level with the taller man's abdomen. Dream cleared his throat as he looked down at the brunet, face still burning wine-red.

"So - *um* - did you want... help? With *that*, I mean," the blond murmured, endearingly stumbling over his words as his large, corded hands fiddled with the edge of his shirt, unsure what to do with them. George noticed, and he couldn't help the warm smile that pulled on the corners of his mouth. He absolutely *adored* how smitten Dream was. He'd go all red in his cheeks, his ears, his *chest*. So easy to fluster and even easier to melt.

George leaned his body against the sturdy frame of his boyfriend, nuzzling his face into the blond's shirt and soaking up his warmth.

"Mmph, yeah. No need to rush though, Dreamie. Wanna take my time with you," he mumbled, voice grainy and muffled by the fabric rustling against his face. George slumped against Dream's stomach, fully relaxing into his presence - a tan hand coming up to comb through his dark hair. Warmth expanded in his chest at the gesture.

"Me too. How - *uh* - how did you want me...?" Dream trailed off as George peered up at him through lidded eyes. "Uh - position-wise, I mean. Wait - okay - that sounds *really* weird -" The blond dragged his free hand down his face, tips of his ears burning cherry.

George's gaze softened, hands trailing under the blond's shirt to drift across his toned stomach, flitting up at his sides to dance across the freckled expanse of skin. "No, you're fine. Mm - kinda wanna suck you off," the smaller male murmured, entranced at the way Dream's muscles jumped

at his touches. Said man visibly shivered at the words, the hand in his hair tightening briefly before rubbing dizzying circles into his scalp.

“If - um - if that’s what you want,” Dream said under his breath, words still not working properly.

The man below him hummed and gave a small tug of his shirt. “It is. Take this off.”

Drawing away for a moment, Dream obediently pulled his tee up and over his head with one hand, leaving him bare from the waist up. George didn’t miss the way Dream’s pulse skyrocketed as he laid his head against his newly exposed chest. It felt closer than they’d ever been - even though, realistically, it wasn’t. Perhaps the time spent away from each other made the moment all-the-more special - the two sitting in relative silence with nothing but their labored breaths to interrupt.

George pressed his ear just above Dream’s heart. A fingertip traced around a constellation of splattered freckles on his left hip. “Why’ve you gone all nervous on me?”

The beat against his ear stuttered. “Can’t help it around you,” Dream said back. The pads of his fingers resumed their leisurely pets against his scalp. “You’re something worth being nervous over.”

A scoff. George smashed his cheek against the smooth planes of tanned skin. He could feel his blush multiply against the heat of flesh. “*Please*. You act like you haven’t fucked me on every surface in this apartment.”

Dream let loose an exaggerated, annoyed groan. “You’re so - *so* vulgar, George.”

And yet, he liked it. Liked the way George was so blunt and forward with his words, firm and straight to the point, preferring to skip the filler and instead focus on the quickest route to achieve what he wanted. It was admirable, in certain situations, but for the moment, Dream wanted to be

romantic, if just for a little while.

A sharp tug to his belt loops pulled him back into reality, more importantly, back to the man looking so prettily up at him from his knees.

“You like it.” He did . “Come on, pretty boy. Lay down for me.” George all but cooed, a filthy smirk coating his lips. Dream wanted to taste it.

The blond did as he asked, resting a knee on the bed before hoisting himself up and unceremoniously throwing his body onto the sheets, pulling George with him by the waist and into his chest.

“*Dream!*” George yelped as the two bounced up and down on the mattress, frame rattling and knocking against the wall. He absentmindedly wondered if it’d leave marks. Dream laughed as the smaller male tried to adjust to the new position, hands balled into fists under the sleeves of his jacket, leaning elbows against his chest. “God. You’re so - ” he cut himself off. Doe eyes rolled in their sockets.

“I’m so - ?” Hands squeezed at George’s sides.

“*Annoying.*” George pushed himself up to sit fully on Dream’s thighs. The muscles felt solid under his hips. “God. So annoying.”

Dream’s chest rumbled with a low laugh. “You like it.”

George smirked as his words were used against him.

The sun from the window tilted at the perfect angle to hit their figures, illuminating the sides of

their tangled bodies. Heat soaked into their bones, warming skin and painting the room gold.

Dream's face was prettiest like this. Swallowed in a heavenly glow, faintest traces of stubble highlighting against the sharp curve of his jaw. It brought out his imperfections. *God*, did he want to *drown* in them.

George's eyes caught on the scar on his nose. He bet Dream's feet were brushing against the rip in the sheets. A pale finger traced the birthmark on his hip as his gaze flickered to the upper corner of the mattress. Dream's eyes fluttered shut in response. The lopsidedness of his grin was brought out by the sunlight, content earnest in the line of his lips.

Maybe the bed was more uneven than usual, George thought, as he mapped out every dip and curve of Dream's sculpted torso - it was lean, not overly padded in muscle, which George appreciated. It made him feel human - the gentle plush of his tummy and bit of fat on his sides giving way to the gentle press of pale fingers. George breathed his essence through his lungs. Cherished it. Lived in it.

"Yeah. I do." The words were no more than a breath. Dream would've caught them even if they were silent. George knew it, too.

The brunet brought his face towards the golden boy below him, pressing his forehead against the other's as their upper lips brushed together. The tendons of Dream's neck strained under tanned skin as he tried and failed to make their mouths meet, George inching away, ever so slowly, just to watch his desperation mount. Dream chased his lips in earnest, desperation trapped behind green eyes. George wondered in the back of his mind if he'd follow him forever.

"George. *Please*." Dream all but pleaded. A blush was smeared across the high points of his cheeks, burying the splash of freckles underneath in an overlay of red. If George could, he'd remove the red with his tongue and mar the skin underneath, replacing it with purples and blues. But his face was imperfectly perfect. And George refused to disturb beauty.

So, he decided to defile the next best thing.

Their lips met, a bit awkwardly at first - both brains on different pages as Dream's mouth guided slow and deep, George's a mixture of passionate nipping and tongue. They never found a steady balance, but it's what kept them on their toes, and they *loved* it. Loved how messily their lips worked together, faulty and slightly flawed, yet still enacting shivers of pleasure up their spines.

George licked behind Dream's teeth, almost if he could taste the remainder of his skin on tongue from the previous night if he pushed deep enough. They both pulled away and breathed harshly, air unnaturally crisp in their throats from the sudden absence of warmth.

Dream had pools of hazel underneath green. George couldn't tell much of a difference between the two, but he was sure they were there. The golden flecks in his eyes seemed highlighted by the beam of light across his face.

George swiped his tongue across his lips. Just for a moment, he allowed himself to sink into the allure of romance. "You taste like the sun."

The lopsided grin increased in width. "You taste like ass," Dream teased back. "Did you brush your teeth?"

Just for that, George pinched one of Dream's nipples between his forefinger and thumb, watching as his face scrunched up in discomfort. "I take it back. You're a fucking arse."

"*Arse*," Dream mocked in a poor british accent, brushing his hands up and down the sides of the letterman jacket - his eyes hadn't been able to leave the way his clothes swallowed his boyfriend whole. It lit a fire in his stomach, flames roaring to life as George poured gasoline into the pit, leaning down to lick up his neck.

He nipped and suckled at any skin he could reach, pausing just below the jut of his collarbone to worry the flesh between his teeth and bring blood to the surface. Purple bloomed at the spot, capillaries bursting satisfyingly under the brunet's tongue.

Dream hummed when lean fingers pressed into the fresh bruise.

“Look.” George laced his fingers with Dream’s right hand, bringing it to brush against his own collarbone. “We match.”

Dream let his thumb dance over the hickey from last night. “Looks better on you, though.”

George blinked up at him from under dark eyelashes. “You think so?” he asked.

The blond hummed affirmatively in response. “Your skin’s so pale - brings it out. Purple looks nice on you.” He paused, gaze skimming over George’s figure. “So does green.”

Their eyes locked. It was intense, the way their gazes bore into each other - chocolate brown clashing with forest green.

George doesn’t think he’d ever been this hard in his life. And based on the tent in Dream’s pants, he figured the same went for the other. In all fairness, the situation in of itself wasn’t particularly special. Dream had told him *many* times how good he looked. But here, swathed in warmth and everything that was lovely, it felt like the most arousing moment of their lives.

George breathed out a shaky exhale.

“I’m gonna blow you now.”

Another flush flooded Dream’s cheeks. *So easy.*

“Please.”

It only took seconds before Dream’s pants and boxers were flung across the room and a cock was pushed against the inside of George’s cheek.

It was *filthy*, the wet glide of spit and precum - swirling both on his tongue and cherishing the gasps that were pulled out of the man above him. George mapped out each vein of the blond’s length with his lips, his tongue, his *throat*.

Dream always became an absolute *mess* when George gave him head. He’d go all pliant under his grasp, little twitches of his hips portraying his restraint from fucking down his throat. Dream was mindful like that.

Not to mention he’d make the *prettiest* noises - gasping and whining, so incredibly unlike the normal front he put up as a star football player. It wasn’t like he became a completely different person when around his boyfriend - in fact, he was quite the open book; expressions easy to read and feelings flying out of his mouth without restraint.

George supposed it was the fact that Dream was usually the leader with his friends, especially on the field. But around *him*, in *this* bedroom, he was easily influenced - yielding completely to the brunet and following his every move like a lost puppy.

Smitten, devoted, and absolutely *lovely*.

George brushed his teeth against the underside of Dream’s cock, just *barely* grazing the sensitive skin. He could feel the way it twitched in his mouth, seemingly chasing the warmth in the back of his throat.

“God, you’re so good, George,” Dream said between pants. “Feels - *ah* - so good.”

He allowed himself to spare a glance through half-lidded eyes, watching as Dream propped himself up on his elbows to observe the way his cock disappeared behind George's lips, over and over again. His large hands were fisted in the sheets, core knotted tight to keep himself upright. There was a distinct look of desperation on his face, the glow of the morning sun catching on a bead of sweat, just above his brow.

"You're pretty like this," George breathed, resting the tip against his lips, blowing air softly on where the slit met cherry red.

Dream's eyes rolled back in his head, the muscles of his thighs jumping around his head. George let out a shudder as he imagined all the things those legs had done - they'd won him hundreds of football games, walked him to the movies for their weekly dates, helped make love to him on this very mattress.

There it was again, George noticed. The easy rush of red in Dream's cheeks. It had spread down his neck and chest at this point. George tasted honey on his lips as he gave a few kitten licks to the flushed cherry tip of his length.

His ministrations paused. "Red's your color, you know."

Dream laughed, tapering off into a moan when George absentmindedly pressed open-mouthed kisses along the underside of his cock. "Aren't you fucking colorblind?"

At that, George let out a burst of loud, high pitched giggles, bubbling up from his chest as his shoulders shook with the force of it. "Shut *up* . God . I'm literally blowing you right now, please shut up, oh my *god*."

The brunet's laugh was infectious, and Dream *adored* it. It was one of his favorite sounds in the world. So, he couldn't stop himself from gripping his stomach, rolling under his touch as laughter shook through his body as well.

As both their hysterics settled down, and Dream's wheeze had eased down to normal chuckles, George decided he'd make him pay.

"Hey."

Dream started slightly at George's gritty voice, looking back down between his legs. "Watch me."

All at once, with their eyes still locked, George took his entire length into his mouth, bottoming out and blinking back tears. His nose met the base, and Dream let out a loud whine, flinging his head back and choking on his spit. His hand flew to George's hair, holding him in place. "*George*, oh my god, *I'm - fuck - I c-can't -* " He cut himself off with a feverish moan. Dream's body tightened under George's fingertips, cock jumping against the hot walls of his throat.

"I can't - *George - shit-* " Dream's voice was absolutely *wrecked*. His eyes pinched shut, fingers curling deeper into dark brown hair.

That was all the warning he got, before there was the feeling of hot release down his throat, the brunet spluttering a bit as he struggled to swallow it all down. When he came off for air, spit and cum dribbled down his chin, eyes wide and a bit shocked.

Dream looked whole-heartedly *embarrassed* , an arm slung across his eyes as his legs quivered around his head - freckled shoulders drawn upwards towards his ears.

George wiped the remaining liquid off his jaw, tongue heady with the lingering taste of *Dream*, sitting upright and blinking down at the panting male below him.

"That was... fast," George murmured. He doesn't think Dream had *ever* come undone that quickly.

A sheepish groan escaped said man's lips. "No shit."

George jabbed him in the side, and, almost instinctively, Dream's arm came down to seize his wrist. "Don't," he gritted out, voice shaky.

God. The blond's face was absolutely *scarlet*.

His eyes were wet from where tears of pleasure had pricked the corners. Lips chewed wine-red and a small trail of drool drying at the corner of his mouth. George couldn't stop the way he twitched against his abdomen at the sight, reminding him of his own erection, still strained and wet from the remnants of lube he'd used before.

"What was it?"

Dream blinked up at him at the words. He knew what he meant. He could *always* tell what George meant.

"Your. Um," Dream started, eyes flitting over George's face before sweeping across his body, "your jacket - *my* jacket. It's hot. *Really* hot." He cleared his throat. "On you, I mean."

In response, George let the sleeves fall back past his fingertips, suddenly hyper-aware of the fabric and leather brushing against his flushed, bare body. It made the heat in his stomach pool lower and lower.

"Yeah?" George breathed out.

The hunger in Dream's eyes multiplied. His tanned hands reached out, gliding underneath the heavy material of the letterman to trail to the small of George's back, sitting up fully against the headboard to pull him flush against his chest.

"Yeah." Dream's eyes flitted down to ogle the smaller male's erection, flush between their stomachs. "Do you want me to - ?" He trailed off, unsure.

Almost immediately, George shook his head. "Wanna ride you. Just - um - kiss me through it?"

He didn't need to ask. The blond would've done it anyway - would have kissed his forehead, cheeks, eyelids; each and every freckle on the right side of his face. Dream would kiss it *all*. No questions asked.

"As long as you keep the jacket on," Dream muttered hotly, pupils blown wide as George recoated his fingers in lube.

He hummed against his lips, arm tucked behind his back as he started working himself open. The front of the jacket pulled apart wide at the angle. "You're still gonna wear this thing after I get cum on it? Gross."

Blunt as always.

Dream felt a smile pull at his lips. "Of course. It'll be like a secret, between the two of us."

George made a face, one akin to disgust. "A *gross* secret."

"*Our* gross secret," Dream corrected snarkily, watching as George rolled his eyes and let out a scoff.

“You’re insufferable. You know that, right?”

The brunet’s mouth dropped open in the effort of angling his fingers into himself, a hiss escaping between his teeth.

Dream chuckled again, cupping the back of George’s neck as he leaned in to kiss the disgruntled look off his face. He swallowed down the gasps that flew from the brunet’s mouth as he scissored and curled his fingers, murmuring against his lips.

“I know.”

He knew almost *too* well, with how often George told him.

When his fingers had opened himself wide enough, George wrapped his slender fingers around Dream’s softened cock, slowly working him back up to full hardness as he trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses along the column of his neck. George swore he tasted the sun on his taste buds.

Dream had whimpered and twitched in his grasp, hyper-sensitive to the brunet’s touch. All the while, George whispered praises in his ear, nipping at his lobe and relishing the pants of breath along his shoulder.

It was always his favorite part. Bringing the man to his knees and wrapping him tightly around his finger - reducing him to a mess of choked moans and whines. It was music to his ears.

And when he *finally* sunk down on Dream’s length - both men breathing hard in each other’s ear - George swore Dream’s skin turned gold under his touches. Illuminated in an unearthly glow, painted a myriad of oranges and yellows by the sun.

He was breathtaking.

“You’re breathtaking,” Dream muttered, just between strained pants.

There he was again. Putting George’s thoughts into words - stealing them right out of his mouth.

“I was gonna say the same about you,” George whispered against his freckled cheek. They both sat in silence for a moment, senses clogged by each other’s presence, wrapped up in the pool of sunlight that swarmed around their bodies.

Dream reached a hand up to brush against his neck. “Thank you,” he murmured.

“For what?”

Golden honey dripped from his lips. Red clashed with yellow, lit ablaze in a fiery orange. “For being mine.”

George took the plunge, stoking flames and drenching their fire in gasoline, striking a match and setting the world alight.

They rocked together, not in perfect symmetry, but in a way that felt *them*.

Passionate and faulty, intimate and flawed, perfectly imperfect.

George had his face buried in the crevasse of Dream's shoulder, whimpering into his skin. And Dream soaked each noise up - through his nose, his mouth, his *pores*.

His hips gently thrust upwards in tandem with each time George dropped down - legs latched around Dream's hips and his arms slung over broad shoulders.

The jacket, meant to cover him up, left George feeling quite the opposite - exposed in a way he'd never felt before. It was so clear - this way - that he belonged purley and utterly to *Dream* .

With *his* letterman wrapped around his shoulders, *his* socks pinching at his thighs, *his* cock filling him up. It was perfect.

George dug his nose even further into the neck beneath his head at the thought, nipping at Dream's skin and panting hotly across the flesh until goosebumps broke out at the surface.

Dream's hands settled along the swell of his ass, guiding his hips as they ground together.

"You're - you're the best thing to ever happen to me," Dream breathed, a whine climbing up his throat as he dug his forehead into George's shoulder.

The blond tended to get like this any time they had sex - it was inevitable that he'd start gushing and spewing words of affection; an open book. He was a romantic, at heart.

And George - well - he was anything but.

"While your dick's in my ass? Really?" George said, laughter in his voice. Giggles tapered off into a long moan as he dropped back down onto Dream's cock, legs quivering as it's tip brushed his prostate.

Dream hugged his arms around George's torso, bringing him close as he nodded deliriously against where his head rested on the smaller male's shoulder. "Yes, you idiot. I'll say it to you whether my dick's in your ass or not."

At the words, George brought a hand up to comb through dirty blond locks, massaging the skin there, before abruptly gripping the strands and pulling Dream's head from his neck.

George felt his cock pulse against their stomachs as Dream outright *moaned*, staring at him with lust and love clouded over his eyes. He let out a shaky exhale.

"You like that?" George whispered, giving another experimental tug of the blond hair between his fingers.

Green eyes rolled back in their sockets, and George felt the distinct *twitch* of Dream's cock where he was still nestled inside him.

Dream choked on his answer as George resumed their pace, hand holding tight in his hair as they continued to rock into each other. He'd already known it would be an embarrassed *no*, but George *knew*. He knew just what to do to make the blond *tick* - which buttons to press and *how*; expertly so.

He gave one last tug on Dream's scalp to expose the column of his throat, leaning in and suckling at any skin he could get between his teeth.

They could both feel their releases churning inside them, and George quickly began to lose his composure - hand slackening its grip where it'd been buried in Dream's hair, mouth dropping open to let loose a string of whimpers.

“*Dream*, need you to -*fuck* - need you to -*mm* - ” he cut off as a deep kiss was pressed to his mouth, gold coating his tongue once more. He hummed into it.

And *there* Dream was. Just as he knew he’d be. Knowing *just* how to angle his hips up - to hit his prostate on each upstroke and light his nerves aflame.

Dream swallowed up George’s moans as his walls clamped down where they met at the hip. Toes curled. Breath stuttered.

They both felt it as George came; white splattering up their chests and a bit landing on Dream’s chin. He was sure some of it got onto the jacket, rubbing against its interior and engraving the moment into the folds of fabric.

Yet, he couldn’t bring himself to *care*, as Dream thrust his hips faster upwards, chasing his high all the while kissing George through the shocks of overstimulation - just as he said he would.

Lips peppered across his nose, cheeks, eyelids - anywhere he could reach.

Dream finally had to stop, hiding himself back in the junction of George’s neck, whines shuddering through his nose as he pumped his hips hard and *deep* inside him.

George leaned in close, rubbing a hand soothingly along the bumps of his back, trailing over ridges of muscles and splatters of freckles.

“*Dream*, baby,” he murmured, as if the rest of the world had stilled around them, his words meant for Dream and Dream *only*. “You’re doing *so* good. So perfect. All for me.”

Dream let out another choked gasp, hips losing their pace and becoming irregular in their thrusts.

George breathed a low moan in Dream's ear, just to let him know it felt good - hand trailing up and up, until it could nestle itself back in dirty blond hair.

He *pulled*, fingernails scratching against scalp and sending a small itch of pain down his spine.

And that was all it took. All it took for Dream to *keen* and release one more, long, strained groan, cock emptying inside his lover and holding their chests close.

Their hearts were racing against each other, blood mixing with molten gold. George let it simmer as he hushed Dream through the aftershocks of pleasure, soothing pale hands across broad shoulders and singing praise into his skin - all the while the blond shook under his touch, sensitive and overwhelmed.

Later that day, as they both languidly tangled their limbs together and soaked in the dwindling warmth of the sun, George swore he could tell the difference between green and yellow.

Sage and hazel. Viridian and gold. Both glittered in Dream's eyes - eyes that were filled with unfiltered adoration and love and care. All for *him*. For *George*.

It was those same eyes he looked in to as he let his lips taint the same color that now coursed through his heart.

"I love you."

He belonged here, wrapped up in Dream's bed, his arms, his clothes, his *everything*.

Dream hummed back, eyes still fluttered shut as he soaked up the afterglow, both of the sun and of the sex. He didn't have to open them.

“I know.”

And that’s all he needed.

End Notes

this is only my second fic lol

Anyway!

Any sort of feedback is appreciated <3

EDIT:

Hey!! Go check out [my new fic](#)!! First chapter is up and the next one will be up in a day or so ;)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!